

Nashville Union.

For Freedom and Nationality.

N. C. STERCH, Editor.

TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1862.

Great Meeting of Union Citizens at the Capitol.

The rumors of the advance of a guerrilla force on the city last night in a state of great excitement Sunday and yesterday. At the suggestion of a few private persons the Military Band of the 69th Ohio, bearing the Union flag, marched through the streets, playing the national air, while the announcement was passed along that the loyal citizens would hold a meeting for the purpose of organizing a force for the defense of the city. In an incredibly short space of time a large procession gathered, and when we reached the Capitol the Hall of Representatives was filled with an anxious audience—mostly citizens. Col. W. B. Stokes arose and said that this rally was unexpected to him. It was a manifestation of loyalty and resolve he had not anticipated. He had been hunted from home, and forced to lie out at night to escape from marauders, and he was resolved to stand under the Federal flag to get his rights. These guerrilla raids would never be put down until the citizens of Tennessee would take the work into their own hands and meet their foes at the threshold. It was his intention to raise a regiment of mountain boys to battle with their persecutors, and to maintain the Government of their fathers.

When he concluded, Jas. E. Hood moved that Gov. Johnson be waited on and requested to address the crowd. In the absence of the committee appointed for that purpose, a brief and spirited speech was made by Maj. Russell. Gov. Johnson presently entered amid tremendous cheering.

He said this spontaneous outpouring of the loyal men of this city astonished him. Knowing the hope that existed on the one hand to capture the city, and the fear which had grown out of the long intimidation on the other hand, which had been exercised over all who dared to be for the Government of their fathers, he had not expected that such a meeting could be gotten up without a moment's warning. But the best time to show our manhood is in the face of the enemy; and when he is on us. If his shells were falling on the Capitol, let us fall, if need be, amid its crumbling and smoking ruins. Could we labor in a nobler cause than in encircling our Capitol with our bodies as a breastwork, and if fate decreed it, by sprinkling its ruins with our blood? I shall make no vain professions on the present occasion, if my past life does not speak in my behalf I shall make no boast this evening; but I would be proud to perish in this Capitol to-night to preserve the Government of our fathers, than to be the monarch who may rest his throne upon its ruins. Yes, in the language of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death!" I have not bowed to despotism long enough, and will you again cringe as suppliant before a relentless despotism? No, it is not in your hearts or natures to do so. In the face of the enemy, I say, let him come, and you with me, and I will go, will make a tremendous effort to save the Government of our fathers. I am proud to see this noble rally. I would not have thought that such a gathering could be had. It tells that the love of the Union, and liberty deep in the hearts of our people forever. Let us on to the noble work. In the words of the poet:

Though tyranny may riot for a season, it must ultimately go down, and freedom will reign in its stead. This is a preliminary meeting to rally loyal men to defend the city, their families and their homes. Could you engage in a nobler work? This for as much your country as Great Britain ever was, and it is your duty to meet her in this path. I would like to see this Union man enlisted—I mean all sincere, honest, true-hearted Union men—not these pseudo loyalists—these hirelings—these counterfeit coins. We want the genuine, pure coin, with the clear ring, who love their country. I would not wonder if there were a few here now professing to be Union men who have come here as spies to report and betray us to the enemy—some craven-hearted thing who has shrunk from the dimensions of a man to those of a miserable informer, prying around and skulking in a corner. I believe I can detect a few such persons here now. I have seen them during the day prowling around the Capitol.

Now you spy—rebel spy—you may be even now standing with your sister in your bosom, and longing to shed the honest man's blood, but you have not the courage to do it. This, however, is an episode. I wished to say that all who wish to enroll themselves as volunteers to defend the city and their families will please attend the meeting to-morrow. All loyal men, who will take the obligation, will be furnished with arms and ammunition. Take them, take them, in good earnest, and to work! The foe has his dagger and bayonet at your throats, and now make the issue with him. They come with the torch of destruction; let them make this issue if they dare! We will meet them just as they please, and trust to the God of justice and freedom. If the volunteers serve as much as a

month, they shall be paid for their time, and if absent from home, shall receive rations. There are mechanics here—and I have a right to speak of mechanics, for I have been one myself, and am prouder of it than I am of having been your United States Senator—who have probably as mechanics often do, become dependent as it were on some proud aristocrat for employment, and perhaps dread losing his patronage if they were to engage in this work which their consciences approve. Shame on such feelings—away with them! Stand up like men, and tell these would-be masters, that you are their equals. You can do as long without making shoes as they can without wearing them. The time has come when labor must be respected and dignified, and mechanics, and men who live by hard labor must assert and defend their rights. In referring to mechanical labor, I merely take these as one of the departments of industry, for the sake of illustration. When you band yourselves as manly and honest citizens you have power. Tell the nobles that you are determined to have free Government and you can have it. And if you have the power, and lack the courage to use it, you deserve to be slaves. It is yours to defend yourselves, and assert your manhood.

When would he free himself must strike the blow! and now is the time to strike it! I thank the men who inaugurated this meeting, and I trust and hope you will go on. And though some fled in dastardly precipitation to the bayonets of others for protection, flying from your Capitol, although your professed Governor and champion, fly in the hour of danger to your Capitol, and with uplifted arm I swear that this arm shall strike for freedom until the last drop of life is poured out as a libation to liberty. In the words of an older, let us burn every blade of grass, and perish, if need be, in the last entrenchment of freedom!

At the close of the Governor's speech, which was received with great enthusiasm, Mayor Smith took the stand and delivered a most fiery and thrilling appeal to the loyal men to rally to arms. He had just arrived in the city, and knew not the particular circumstances which surrounded them, but he pledged himself to fight under that proud old flag for freedom. Let us march through the streets, as many as are willing to fight, in procession, with the old flag and national music in our van, and show secessionists that if their friends come to destroy our lives and turn our homes we will meet them face to face. He was followed by Mr. Thomas, a planter, a Sumner county, who made an earnest and zealous appeal to the loyal citizens to arm and meet the foe. He was in for the fight, and heartily did he thank the soldiers who were here to defend us, for their noble patriotism. The crowd was wrought to a high pitch of enthusiasm by these stirring appeals, and a procession of volunteers marched from the Capitol through the streets, shouting and cheering like resolute men, whose souls were fired with holy zeal. A very large force will be organized from our own citizens, and was to the women who test their loyalty with the musket. Rally, rally, Union men! and repulse the traitorous foe if he dare approach your city. We can repulse him with a slaughter that he will remember forever.

Attack on Nashville—Defeat and Capture of Two Federal Regiments.

The news of the last forty-eight hours has been an exciting one. A Confederate force consisting of the First, Second, and Third Georgia Regiments, First Kentucky Regiment and a Regiment of Texas Rangers, under Col. Fommers and Wanner, attacked Murfreesboro on Sunday morning before daybreak, surprising the Ninth Michigan Regiment and capturing them after several hours of hard fighting. Col. Dyer's force was shot through the body and mortally wounded. The Third Minnesota, commanded by Col. Lester, were strongly entrenched with Hewitt's Kentucky Battery, and fought desperately until their ammunition was expended, when they surrendered, having lost one-third of their men. It is rumored, though this is doubtless greatly exaggerated, General T. T. Cummings, of Indiana, was taken prisoner. Col. Fommers sent in a flag of truce to the Third Minnesota, demanding their surrender, which was declined. After some hard fighting, the Minnesota sent out a flag of truce and surrendered. Preparations are making here in anticipation of an attack, and reinforcements are coming in from various directions. It is to be desired that the city be spared a renewal of the horrors of war, but if it must needs be, the hearts and hands of our gallant officers and soldiers are ready and eager for the contest.

The irregularity of the Eastern Mail within the past few days, leaving us frequently without a single exchange, and then overburdening our table with obnoxious papers, has made our editorial labors something like the task of the Hebrew children under Pharaoh, of making bricks without straw. Spinning webs out of one's brain, like a spider spinning out his inside, to fill a newspaper, is neither pleasant to an editor, nor profitable to the reader.

HENRY SWANNEY, of Capt. VAN ORDE'S Company, Indiana Cavalry, rode from this place to Lebanon and back in fifteen hours, without changing horses, yesterday. Considering the weather this may be regarded as quick traveling.

The following articles is an subject apparently very forbidding, but no reader who begins it will stop short at the end. It is more interesting than a romance, full of poetry, history and humor.

Petroleum, Old and New.

Petroleum belongs to an extensive family, ancient as the hills, and honorable in history, whose surname is Plumen. It has mixed and mingled with earthly matters, with fluids and with gases, till there's a line of half-brothers, indeed, and it is hard work to tell who's who. In a pure state, however, they may be confined to four varieties. The most solid, which varies from the hardness of stone to the elasticity of india-rubber, is bitumen proper, the next in density, more elastic, and more fluid, is asphaltum; the third, a thick fluid, is kerosene, the last, and most fluid, is naphtha. It takes a good many chemical formulas to express the precise component parts of each variety. Scientific people, who know so much more than the rest of us, do upon whole battalions of initial letters, each with a little fraction tied to its foot, but if they had been out of school ever so many years, and had not read much, but life since, and that in a limited edition, they would be satisfied, as we are, with knowing that the substance in question contains a great amount of carbon, a sprinkling of hydrogen, a breath of oxygen, and sometimes the merest suspicion of nitrogen.

The difference between the most solid and most fluid forms, is as solid, chemically, as to be hardly worth mentioning, the temperature of the air, and the length of time for which they have been exposed to it, changing their consistency very greatly. They are found in widely separated localities all over the world, and are almost invariably associated with large quantities of sulphur, and with a few of carbonated hydrogen gas. In some places they ooze slowly through the soil in scanty drops, or exude through fissures in the rocks; in others, they bubble up in quiet springs, or spout out from their subterranean reservoirs with the vehemence of a fountain. As they spread away from the point of excretion, they are more or less solidified, from which it may be inferred that all the masses of bitumen found upon the surface of the earth, or within its depths, were once in a liquid state.

The very earliest record we have of a bituminous district, is in the account of the Vale of Siddim, now sunk beneath the waves of the Dead Sea, and its four flourishing cities. It is said to have been full of "saline pits," so that when the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah were pursued by the four kings of the East, they there perished. It may be that the bituminous cities themselves were built with the asphaltic cement, so much used in those early times, and that this, with the bituminous nature of the soil about them, rendered the whole valley a ready prey to the ravages of the avenging flames; for when the flat of destruction had gone forth, and "Abram arose and looked toward the land of the plain, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." Volcanic action devastated the fair vale, sunk it in the earth, and the Dead Sea covered it like a vast shroud.

Modern pilgrims to the Holy Land, are not satisfied with those of old, with bringing back a scallop-shell or a branch of palm; they return with whole coffers of curiosities, conspicuous among which are the peculiar Greek rosaries and ornaments made in the convents at Jerusalem, out of hardened pieces of asphaltum, and the bituminous nature of the soil about them, rendered the whole valley a ready prey to the ravages of the avenging flames; for when the flat of destruction had gone forth, and "Abram arose and looked toward the land of the plain, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." Volcanic action devastated the fair vale, sunk it in the earth, and the Dead Sea covered it like a vast shroud.

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into quarantine, for he is a foe to civilization, to morality, and to religion. When the work of creation was done, did not the Lord God himself plant a garden and place therein two gardeners, to do light in its beauty, and to guide its growth? And when through disobedience punishment became necessary, was it not a part of that punishment that the erring ones were sent out of the garden into a land that brought forth thorns and thistles? Queen Amytis wanted a garden, and the king said she should have one. It was built with the palace walls. There was never seen such a pleasure ground as this vast numbers of pillars arched and vaulted, cemented with the indestructible asphaltum, which made whole columns like one stone for strength, sustained terrace after terrace, each higher than the one before it, till the last stood four hundred feet from the ground. Upon these various platforms were planted exquisite oriental shrubs, fragrant flowers, and waving palms; a great pyramid of verdure, which looked at a distance like a symmetrical mountain, in the last excellence of culture. Artificial irrigation was a pet science among the ancients, and water for the garden was raised by machinery from the Euphrates four hundred feet below. Amytis was content with her mountain garden, people came from distant nations to see them, and even the self-satisfied Greeks, who always thought wisdom would die with them, acknowledged them to be worthy of a place among the wonders of the world.

When Nebuchadnezzar succeeded to the kingdom of his grandfather, he was a young man of a thousand years of age, and he placed a thousand of his nobles in the very place that Nebuchadnezzar had built "by the might of his power for the glory of his majesty," while they drank wine and praised the gods of gold and of silver, in the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand and wrote upon the plaster of his grand father's palace, and the last night of his life, Nebuchadnezzar, Amytis and Nebuchadnezzar are names of the past; the gardens and great works of masonry, with all their admirers, crumbled into common dust centuries since; but still about the ruins of Babylon are found scattered fragments of the ancient bricks, and numerous pieces of the Babylonian architecture, and as untouched by time as when they were first gathered upon the cool edges of the Fountain of Is.

The Babylonians were not alone in their use of bituminous substances; for the Egyptians, if they employed them less largely, used them more perpetually and more strangely. These Ethiopians, the horrors of the desert, and the cruel times, can hardly be conceived by moderns, accustomed to the thunder and lightning of modern warfare, or by women, who live through one Fourth of July celebration annually. Sometimes the mixture was rolled into fire-balls, and projected through copper tubes; often, bands of flax were dipped in it, wound about arrows and javelins, and discharged flaming. The scimitar of the Saracen might flash through and through the burning mass, without stopping its course, and the lumbering, medieval battering-ram, were helpless to resist the fiery flying dragon, that came hissing through the air above them. The Saracens looked upon it as an invention of the Evil one, if indeed, it was not a veritable change of fire, and whole phalanxes of heroes quailed and fled at the sight of it. The secret of its composition was long kept as an heirloom, or sold to princes at a great price, but it is now considered to have been a simple compound of bitumen, pitch and sulfur.

There is another place as famous for its profuse supplies of Petroleum and Naptha, as Zante or Baku. Like them too, its age is unknown, its origin goes back beyond the beginning of history, and the earliest accounts of it speak as if it had always existed. This is in Birmah, in the Kanchen district. Five hundred and twenty wells, sunk in beds of sandy clay and clayey sand, yield every year more than four hundred thousand loads of oil. The huge supply has not only employed hundreds of persons in collecting and refining it, but has given rise to a race and a city of potters. The neighboring town of Laimanglong is chiefly inhabited by them, and the oil furnishes the greatest facilities for their trade, and the oil demands an enormous quantity of vessels. The city is built and buttressed with great pyramids of earthen jars, waiting to be filled, and large boats are always coming up the Irrawaddy, stowing in and carrying away fat cargoes of the potent oil, which is used in many other parts of India, and is used for candles for purposes of illumination, as well as for medicine, and for rendering timber weather-proof.

In the north of Italy, Amiano and other places have long furnished a profusion of Naptha, and the cities of Genoa and Lyons are lighted with it. South of Venezuela, a spring of bitumen oozes up through the sea, and it is, indeed, very generally found floating on the water near volcanoes, or about volcanic islands. In the island of Trinidad, in the West Indies, Petroleum exhibits a strange freak. Besides exuding from rocks and springs, in the usual way, it has formed a lake between two mountains, and in circumference warm and liquid in the center, where it is always slowly boiling, but thickening as it recedes from this point, till at the margin it is cold and solid. Persons may walk upon it at pleasure, when the weather is cool, and when it is hot, they have the opportunity of learning by experience how flies feed in molasses. Masses of bitumen are scattered over the ground in the vicinity of the lake, and stand out among the foliage like rocks of brilliant jet. It has been said by some travelers, that this Lake of Tar, as the inhabitants call it, is underlain by a bed of coal; an assertion not to be received without further and more scientific examination, as this would render it a petroleum well, and not a lake of bitumen.

In our land before the colonization, and perhaps before its discovery by Columbus, the Indians of the Six Nations enjoyed the knowledge and the use of many oil springs about the sources of the Allegheny river. They seem to have collected it chiefly from the surface and banks of two streams, both of which afterwards received the name of Oil Creek; one being in Allegheny County, New York, and the other being in Venango County, Pennsylvania. Along the borders of the latter, there may still be seen the remains of ancient pits, which must have been dug by them to catch the exuding bitumen, and occasionally a notched pole is found in them, by which they probably went up and down into the pit, as notched poles pass for ladders among savages everywhere. The Indians employed the oil for medicinal purposes, and in many religious ceremonies, but the chief use of the Petroleum was in making the rude paints with which they adorned themselves for peace, or made themselves a shade more hideous for war. It was

unconsciously that the gold on their fastidious noses is quite furnished by the dampness of centuries. There too, are the bones of three thousand years ago; gray creatures, who clung from the mountains and kissed their fingers to the mountain's blood that belongs to her; her place to a dusky bituminous hue, and they are all brimstone together; the once soft hair, is stiff and lifeless as withered grass, the armlets have crumbled on their brown shiny arms, yet they still keep the look they were in life, and continue in welcome oblivions with the extinction of sense self-possession acquired by a long residence at court.

In Egypt there was no imprisonment for debt, and good securities were therefore in great demand; but both herovers and lenders had an inexhaustible resource in the catobombs; fast men, who lived a little beyond their income, pawned the nose of their catobombs, and went into pledge, a thousand times for the benefit of extravagance. Time has hardly changed the features of many of these embalmers; the outer bituminous shell is perfect, but brown and brittle as glass. Belmont says that once, after pushing his way through a narrow passage several hundred feet long, exhausted with his efforts, and sick with the constant contact with dead men's bones, and the dust of crumbled humanity, he ventured to sit down for a moment's rest upon a mummy, but it went crashing through with him like a hand-bomb.

There has been a good deal of inquiry as to the source from which the Egyptians derived such quantities of spices and bituminous substances, and were necessarily engaged in embalming their own countrymen, may have furnished a large amount of the former, but of the latter there appears as yet, no trace in Egypt. They may have received them from the shores of the Dead Sea, or perhaps from the distant region of Baku, on the borders of the Caspian sea, where springs of Petroleum are among the most profuse in the world; or the hollows of the surface there, are full of oil, and the shallowest excavation becomes a perpetual fountain. It is, however, more probable that the Egyptians were supplied from the island of Zante, on the west coast of Greece, of whose wonderful oil springs we have a record as early as the time of Herodotus. Herodotus himself visited them, and afterwards described their wonders. This island too, is supposed to have furnished the ingredients for the notable Greek Fire, a compound invented by a Syrian, in the seventh century, and used in the defense of Constantinople during two sieges against it, by the Saracens. The horrors of the desert, and the cruel times, can hardly be conceived by moderns, accustomed to the thunder and lightning of modern warfare, or by women, who live through one Fourth of July celebration annually. Sometimes the mixture was rolled into fire-balls, and projected through copper tubes; often, bands of flax were dipped in it, wound about arrows and javelins, and discharged flaming. The scimitar of the Saracen might flash through and through the burning mass, without stopping its course, and the lumbering, medieval battering-ram, were helpless to resist the fiery flying dragon, that came hissing through the air above them. The Saracens looked upon it as an invention of the Evil one, if indeed, it was not a veritable change of fire, and whole phalanxes of heroes quailed and fled at the sight of it. The secret of its composition was long kept as an heirloom, or sold to princes at a great price, but it is now considered to have been a simple compound of bitumen, pitch and sulfur.

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Himmler, we believe, who found the South American Indians so charmed with the garb of civilization, that they would willingly have adopted it, except for an early prejudice against clothes. They did not seem to them more advisable, indicated it. One young man was so delighted with the Sunday suit of a sailor, that he immediately had himself painted blue from the neck to the waist, and white from the waist to the ankles, to represent Jack's blue jacket and duck trousers. Another of more martial inclination, was equipped by an officer's uniform. It was comparatively easy to paint the coat and pantaloons, but when it came to the double row of military buttons, that was labor indeed. Fortunately, the artist was the young man's mother, and she, patient and proud where her motherhood was concerned, as all women are, failed not with tireless perseverance, till the toilet was completed, and the happy dandy strutted off, nude as nature and gay as a peacock.

The native air of the Six Nations forced them to wear something thicker than a coat of paint, so they were obliged to limit their adornings to their arms, face, and legs, which they striped, banded, dotted, or dabbed, according to taste. Petroleum is frightful to smell, but one must suffer to be handsome, even in the wilderness, so they painted away and didn't mind the odor. After the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to Georgia was bordered by a broken line of settlements, and after the French had stretched their chain of sixty forts across the country, the French and English, began to appear in the wilderness, and the Indians sold the Petroleum to the new settlers as a specific for rheumatism and various other ailments. The white people called it Seneca oil, after the tribe who chiefly used it as an article of barter, and considered it a rare and precious commodity. From this period we have more accurate knowledge of the mode of securing and using the oil. An old record tells us, that the popular method of collecting it, was to throw a log across one of the oil-producing streams, to stop the flow of the floating mass upon the surface, when it had accumulated sufficiently they scored their bladders in it, wrung them out, and sopped them again till the oil was exhausted. More than a hundred years ago, at the time of the French and Indian war, the commandant of Fort Duquesne (which stood precisely where Pittsburgh now stands), wrote a letter to Montreal, the general of French troops in Canada, giving a very interesting account of great Indian assembly on the banks of Oil Creek. At night, after their harangues and wild war-dances, when the darkness was thickest, they set fire to the sheet of oil upon the surface of the creek, and yelled and danced upon its edges. The hills were black around the sky, and the flames, the black smoke, and the shouts and tongues of fire, mingled with swart volumes of smoke, and the whole scene was like a startling glimpse into a world of flames and torment, peopled by howling demons.

The early settlers soon learned the localities of the rock oil from the Indians, and collected it in small quantities; the principal source on Oil Creek, has furnished a yearly supply for medicinal purposes, never exceeding twenty barrels. It seems to have occurred to the good people who gathered it, that the quantity might be increased by digging deeper pits, or the quality improved by distillation. For years they, and others, hovered up the very verge of great discoveries, fairly stumbling over it, but never seeing it. In Ohio, as early as 1818, in boring for salt water, a vein of oil was struck which rushed up so violently, accompanied with jets of gas, that the salt-making had to be stopped. A gentleman of Ohio, recalling the fact some years later, in the Journal of Science, says that it was already much used for the lamps of work shops, and prophesied a brilliant future for it. Still, no one seems to have taken the idea. Later yet, in 1845, in boring for salt water upon the Allegheny, about forty miles above Pittsburgh, the rock oil was struck again; but it was only looked upon as a medicine, and sold in ounce bottles at a high price.

It is a strange fact that attention was first directed to the commercial value of Petroleum by the progress of science in another direction. The distillation of bituminous coal and shales had been growing more and more extensive, and successful for years, and the apparent identity of the two products, from them, with the rock oil prompted an experiment to determine whether the natural oil would not furnish as many and as useful products as the artificial.

One of the springs on Oil Creek was purchased on speculation in 1854, and the oil was tested and reported on, but nothing further seems to have been done till 1858, when Geo. New York, Dr. Drake, removed to Titusville, and began his arrangements for boring into the rock below the bed of the creek. The process was new and slow, and it was not till Aug. 28, 1859, that the first oil well struck the Petroleum at the depth of seventy feet. A small pump, which pumped 400 gallons a day; this was exchanged for a large one, which furnished one thousand gallons daily; then a steam-engine was applied, and the supply still continued uninterrupted for weeks. Business immediately turned over a new leaf, in Venango County and throughout. A small party of men, and prizes were put out of sight. Every man was going to be rich the day after to-morrow, or as soon as he could get his shaft down. The narrow strips of meadow land on either side of the stream were perforated with wells, and the derricks for working the drills, stood up in the yards and gardens of the villages, as thick as masts in a harbor. The town of Oil Creek, and a little of Allegheny river, were found nearly as productive as Oil Creek, and in a little more than a year, two thousand wells had been sunk. Many delays were met with at first, from the caving in of the sandy, clayey soil, and from meeting with quicksands. To avoid these difficulties, and the trouble of boring, the people had noticed a strong taste of oil in the water of the vicinity, and this, after the success of the wells in Venango County,

induced them to make a similar attempt. Petroleum was reached at the depth of fifty feet, and within six months after this, there had been seven hundred wells sunk. Ritchie and West Counties, in Virginia, have also been found to produce good oil. The first attempt of the kind in New York was made about a year and a half ago, in Allegheny County, near a famous pool which had always been known as the Oil Spring; but before the iron pipes could be driven down to